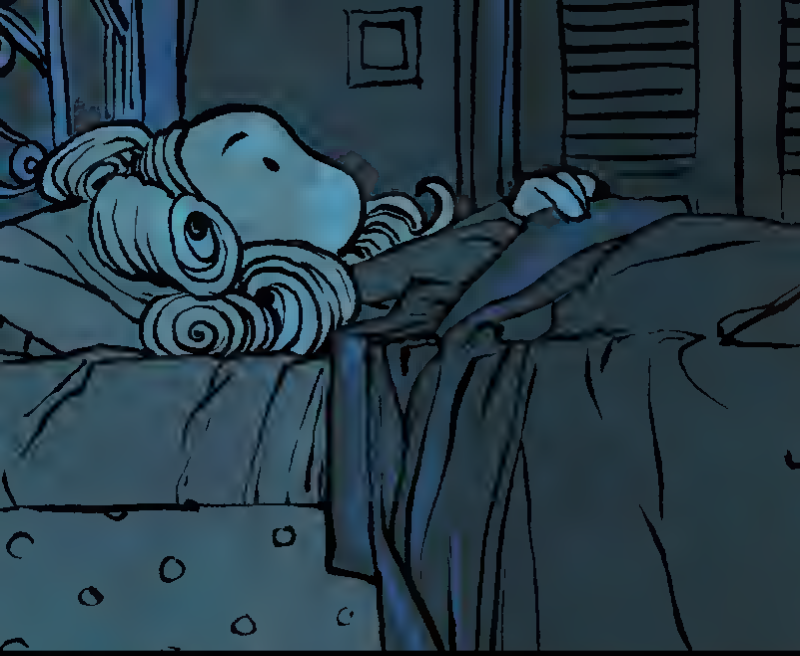
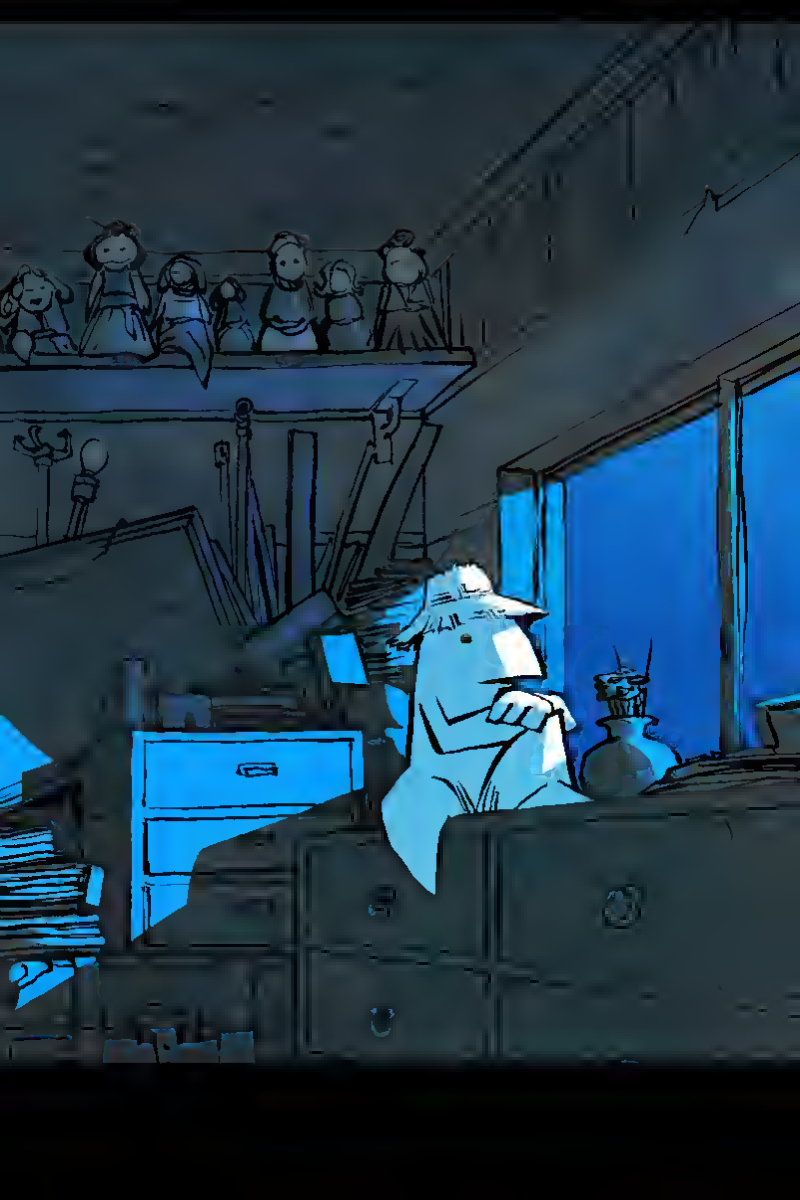
Sithrah

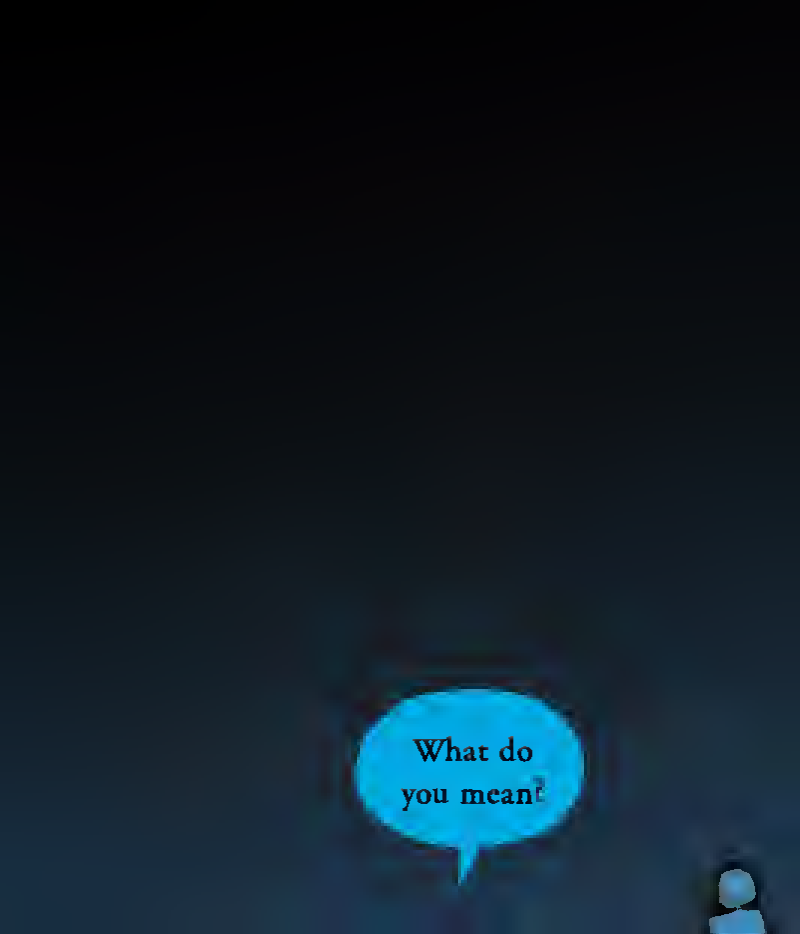
by

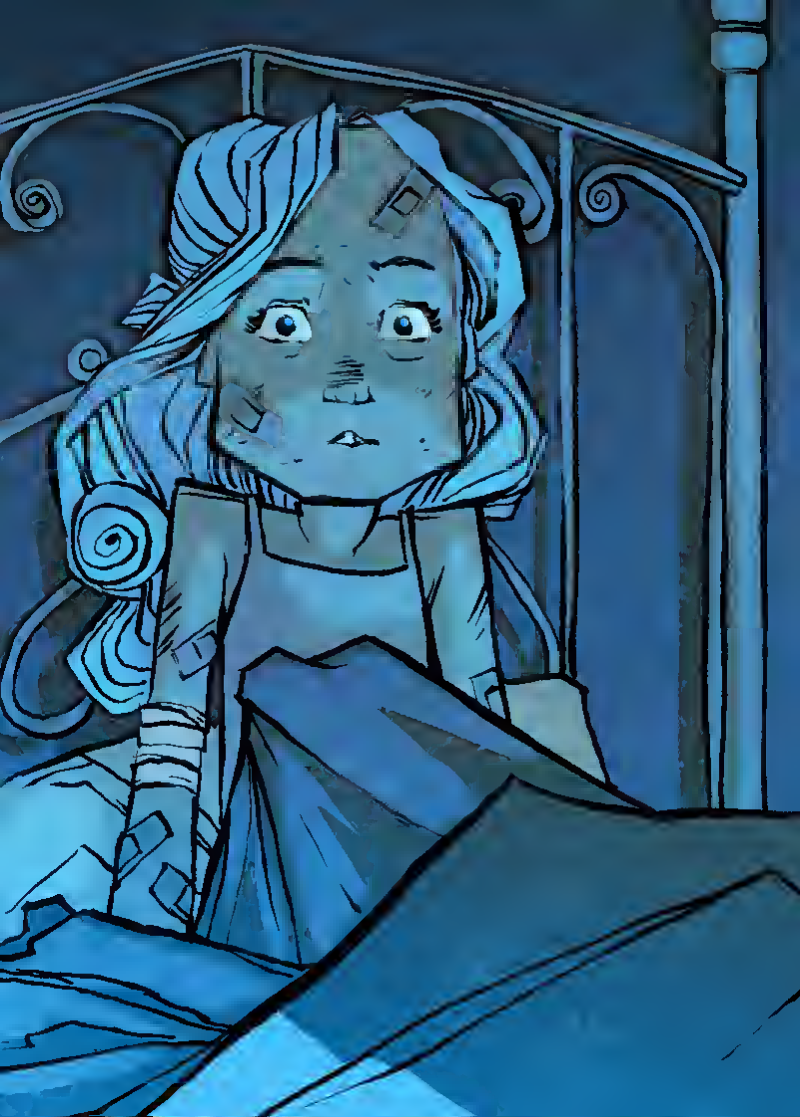
Jason Brubaker





I've been thinking about it...
...there's no way I could've heard you calling for help all the way out there.


What do you mean?



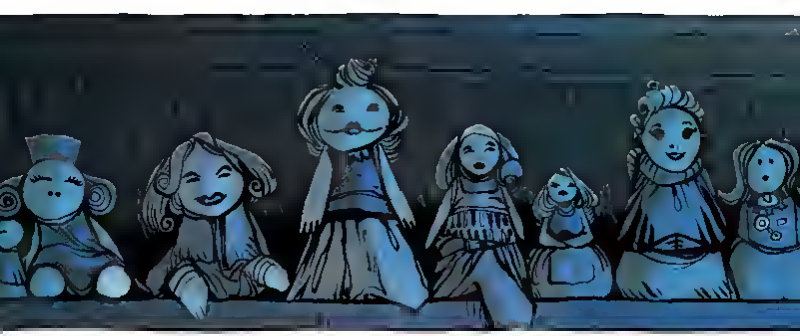
"I don't know." Dino's eyes were getting heavy. "I can't really describe it. I just knew you were in trouble and I was running before I could even process it.

"Maybe old Granny was right... maybe you do have a guardian."

He's not a guardian, he's a Sithrah.

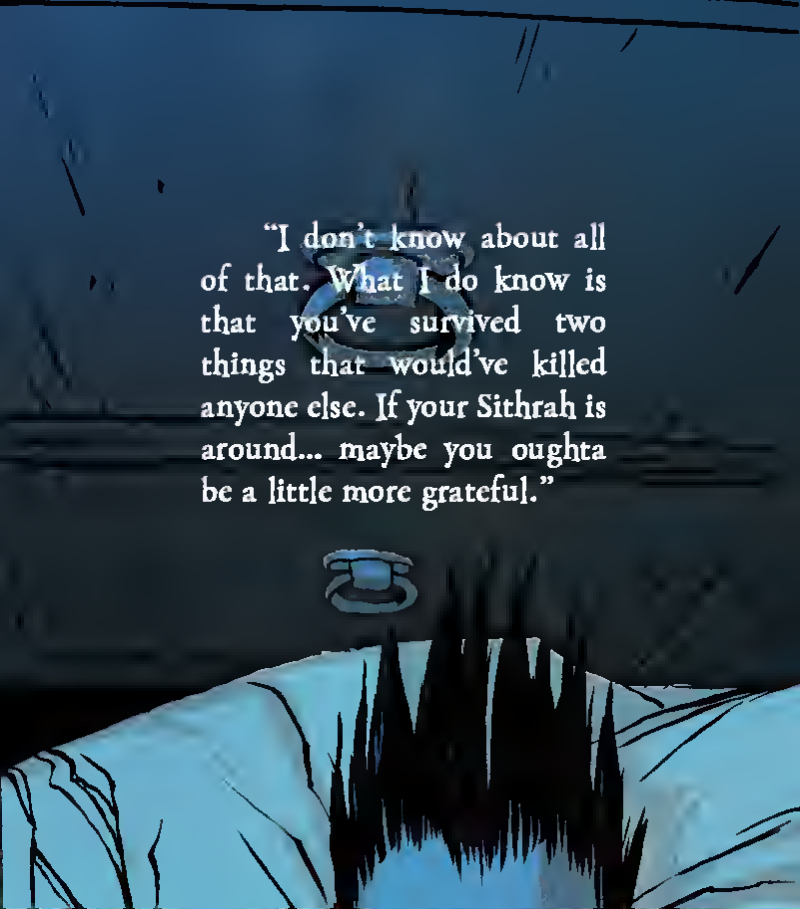
"Then why did you get so upset back there? Phoebe didn't mean anything by it."

Because whenever I need his help, he's nowhere to be found.



"If it's really a Sithrah... You can't possibly know EVERYTHING he's doing?"

Vonna bit her lip, wanting to ask the question but afraid to hear the answer– "...Do YOU believe he's here with me?"


"I don't know about all of that. What I do know is that you've survived two things that would've killed anyone else. If your Sithrah is around... maybe you oughta be a little more grateful."

Vonna sighed heavily. Dino could sense the weight she was putting on herself.

Over there...

Here?

You scared him. He moved over there --
-- by the hallway.

Here?

A little further.

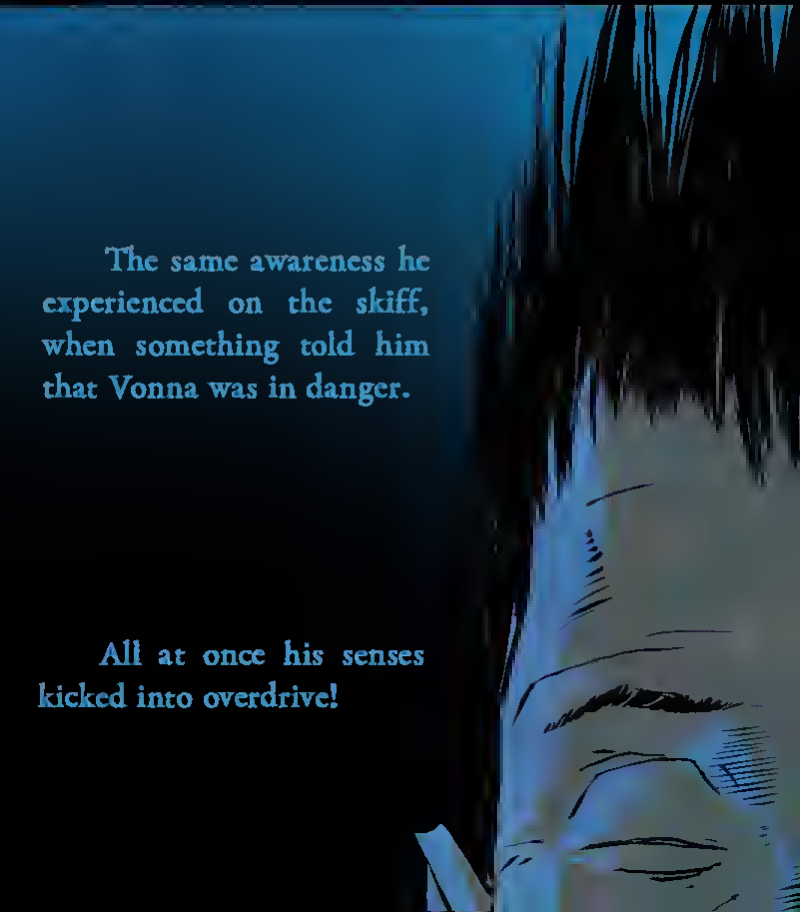
There!

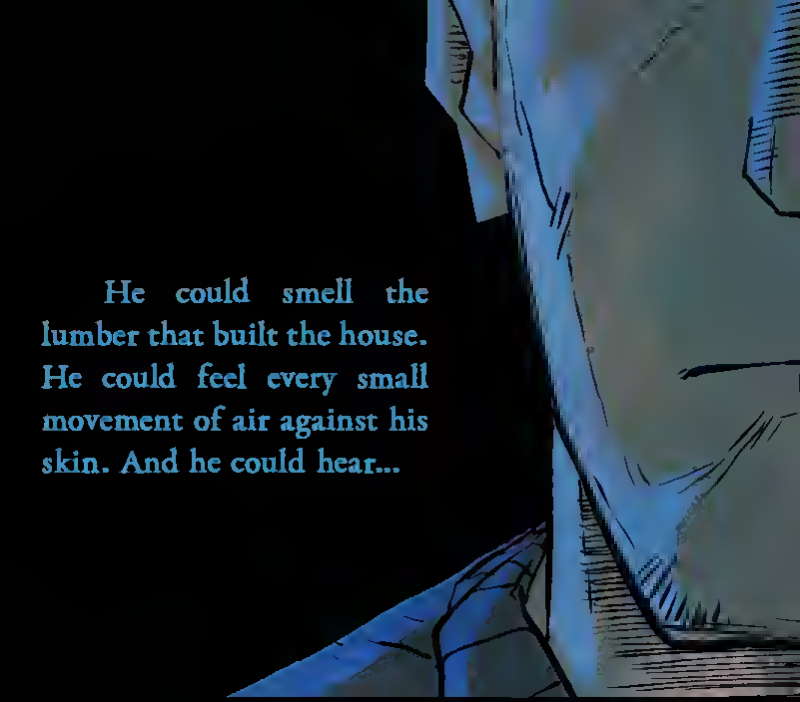
Dino held his breath. A small, strange feeling started to grow inside him... was this hope?

If Vonna's Sithrah was real, then... maybe things could be different. Maybe he could finally stop running.

Suddenly the hair on his arms stood up.

Suddenly a familiar sensation rushed through his body... a tiny electricity shooting through his veins.

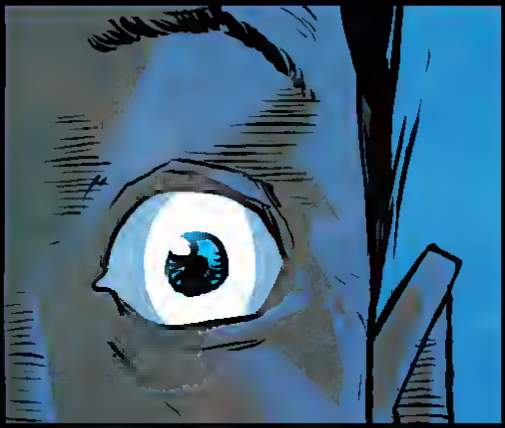

The same awareness he experienced on the skiff, when something told him that Vonna was in danger.
All at once his senses kicked into overdrive!


He could smell the lumber that built the house. He could feel every small movement of air against his skin. And he could hear...

Voices.

Henry and Phoebe upstairs.

Talking about Vonna and...



Where are you going?
Shh!

To be continued...

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